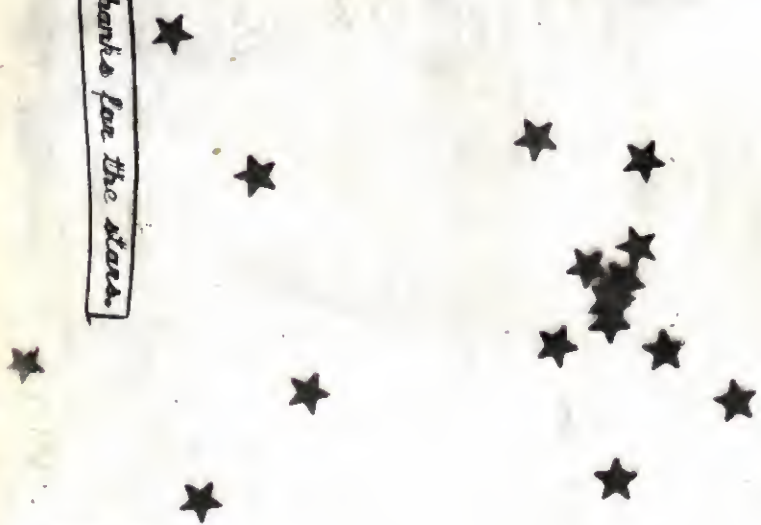


HiarcuNation



Thanks for the stars

#3



Why did I name this zine Ejaculation?

Well because that is all America is, a wet dream. The women are exploited on billboards and on the television and in the movies and in our day-to-day lives. Think about it...if you took and replaced every woman on a billboard, every woman in a ~~hot~~ hooters, every woman on t.v., with a man in the (relatively) same clothing and

situation, how many more women ~~would~~ would be rapists and abusers and sexually frustrated in general? How well would products sell if men were used instead of women, if we (women)

were raised to think of ourselves as ACTIVE DESIRE-ERS instead of PASSIVELY DESIRE-ING TO BE DESIRED?

How many less women would allow themselves to be plastered on billboards if they knew that they didn't HAVE to compete physically with other women to get jobs, to get husbands, to

GET RESPECT. What I am talking about here is a severe lack of ~~respect~~ respect for women as a whole. Perhaps even a progression(?) from a women's RIGHTS movement to a women's RESPECT movement. Women need to respect



...they were

this will be us again

each other, men need to respect women, and women need to respect men.

Adding the respect of women to the social handbook, doesn't take away

anything from men or perhaps even advertising, because if you see things (billboards, tv) in a different, RESPECTFUL state of mind, it IS

different. Regardless of what advertisers want, we as the "public" need to ignore them for awhile, educate ourselves, then take another look at

the Marlboro man and the Newport girl and the Hooters billboard. Perhaps we

will see it in a new way. And perhaps if we turn things around in our own heads first, the advertising industry

will wise up, instead of attacking the giant ~~the~~ itself (the industry).

See, we get the industry to have no choice but to listen to us, then it will go our way.

IS THERE SUCH A THING AS BEING CONCIIOUSLY CONTROLLED???

I mean, I look at billboards and I know they are fucked up so I look away and I am totally concious of the phallacies and tricks. Am I still being controlled?

me for a day,

before i left i spent alot

of time alone but it's was in the company of a it

ght that i would see you with in the next twenty

four hours. there are so many thing as that remi

me of you but it's the things that accidentally re

mind me of you that fill me every time. sept. 5

1997.

. it has been three days since we cried at the
train station together. everybody stared at me
as i choked out the words one way to chicago,
and thats the last thing i said until i said hel
to medad when i got off the train. it kills my
everything and sends waves of fear through me
i think about not being able to see you for more
than twenty days, or that you might not think alo

MEN AND WOMEN CAN NEVER BE
TOGETHER, ESPECIALLY IN SUCH A VULNERABLE
EXCHANGE AS SEXUALITY, WITHOUT
BEING SUBJECT TO THE MISDIRECTION OF
POWER IN SOCIETY.

Call me an anti-feminist, but I think
that is a load of bull. I have a boy-
friend and at absolutely no time do I
feel inferior or second or exploited.
I think it is an extremely sexist thing
to say that men and women can never
interact w/o some form of oppression
and power. I have faith in men as a
whole. (Am I slipping from your
feminist stereotype??)

I cook my boyfriend dinner.

Okay so out with it. I COOK MY
BOYFRIEND DINNER. My idea of
feminism doesn't exclude doing
things for one another. Does yours?
Is the only way I can be a feminist
is if I am butch and work in

construction or the auto body shop??

I think that is very counter-~~revolutionary~~
revolutionary. Equality does not
mean masculine, equality means



a happy median of "classically feminine" and "classically masculine" traits.

If equality meant having to act like a man, I would've started peeing standing up long ago...

A happily married feminist? Possible? I hear Ani DiFranco is engaged.. Whoops, time to revise the feminist handbook for 1998... Marriage is not the end to all ends for feminists. In a truly healthy relationship, a woman should not feel like she is "betraying her sisters" if she wants to cook dinner or get married or have a child.

I have heard this time-period of thought, the "second-wave" or maybe even third or whatever. If there were rules all this time, where were they and why didn't someone send them to me when I ordered my septum ring and black hair dye...

What I am talking about people is a revision and education and improvement on things. I can only say "oh my god that is SO fucked up" a thousand.

so fast if I erase the words of a past friend

"our friendship"

ship.

and that ship

killed to uncharted waters of my mind and
dropped anchor and cut the chain and left

"you forgot to give me my heart back."

you saved me from passive indelible evil,
all i am left with: the rust of this anchor

growing in my gut and it will never resurface
because your ship has sailed past pluto and
reapture and you are never looking back

has voyage he said.

times before I realize, whoops, I have to actually get off my ~~a~~ ass and DO something.. Fucked up things don't change themselves when you yell from a distance...

Back to masculinity...

Male behavior is considered the norm. Being equal doesn't mean acting like men..

Masculinity is often paired with violence.. "When Woodrow Wilson showed reluctance to enter WWI, ~~the~~ Theodore Roosevelt charged that Wilson has 'done more to emasculate American manhood and weaken its fiber than anyone else I can think of'.."

"When Lyndon Johnson was told that a member of his administration was "going soft" on the (Vietnam) WAR, he dismissed him with the comment, 'Hell, he has to squat to piss'.. (Taken from the book "Boys Will Be Boys: Breaking the link between masculinity and violence"..)

Women's reputed empathy and compassion are viewed by many as rendering them unqualified for high offices that involve "tough" international

this is for the forgotten. this is for the abandoned. this is for me because i am constantly reminded of the fact that humptins can be the cause of every problem i have ever had
this is for angela, in hopes that she will except every ounce of sincerity in my heart
when i tell her that i love her this was originally for becky who felt the icy hands of loneliness touch her for many months and has now turned to destructive ways for a reason toxicist, this is for jawn who i am for ever in shame for being a cold shoulder too. for all these things i have this poem..

decision-making. The German Nazi

Party was strongly committed to this point of view. At its first meeting in 1921a resolution was passed that a woman could never be accepted into the leadership of the Party, the governing committee. Only men possessed the required "strength of hardness". (Boys will be boys).

So, given that information. Is it

possible to be both a feminist and a nazi ???

JOHN WAYNE SYNDROME is an explicit code of conduct. A set of masculine traits we have been taught to revere since childhood.

HARDNESS, TOUGHNESS, EMOTIONLESSNESS, RUTHLESSNESS, COMPETITIVENESS...

Qualify?

Turn these hands

blue battle fields

hands push you into seas of captive

these unforgiving unforgotten

"Just like a John Wayne war movie,
it's all fake machismo. Real
strength, real courage, are based on
dealing with reality, not denying it."
(Boys Will Be Boys)...

And now a bit about straightedge ~~mosh~~
mosh pits...

(this is dedicated to the stupid ~~asshole~~
asshole boy at the Detroit Tset that
had on an EarthMover shirt, a yellow
one, who was oh so very tough and ~~boyish~~
boyish)...

The girls were drooling let me tell you.

This boy is suffering from...perhaps
inadequacy, perhaps low self esteem.
(Insert classic cut-down here...)
Perhaps his penis is just too small
and he has to be tough to make up
for it.

And when I say straightedge mosh pits
I don't mean nice floor punching
and "okay I like this music
so I will dance with my friends and
be rambunctious"... I mean "okay this
music is too loud and I can't hear it
because I keep running into all these

dear _____,

do you not see the fucking flame in my eyes?

today.

i haven't seen you in five months.

today.

i attempted to put aside my differences in ethics
to be with you, to express love.

today.

i put aside the things i do every day to
be with you, i put aside my bullshit social life
to be with you.

you ordered my fucking hate

f.b. watch a twist of lemon and a splash of water

couldn't you leave it behind for one day? just today.
just today.

people around my mosh pit and they
keep telling me to fuck off but I am
SO tough and I keep running them over
and punching kids in the faces and
acting so so masculine. And hey,
there's a chick in here and that is
awesome and maybe I should punch her
in the face too."

That kind of mosh pit...

The kind of mosh pit that has to do
with MACEO INSECUTIT and black eyes
and pissed off hardcore kids.

And maybe Earthmover boy should go
back to Syracuse or wherever they
are into being tough. Wherever they
think masculinity is the norm and
wherever the girls think that if they
mosh (i mean seriously mosh, not
like me making fun of them) they
are feminists. Wrong answer baby...

I mean, this kid gave my friend a
black ~~eye~~ eye.

I would've pounded him. (Note: I
can be tough when I defend my friend or
sister. Violence against violence,
you know...)

for me.

for love.

for love.

now heine is your match please do the same.

i burned my bridge

Some excellent books for you to look up.

"To Be Real" Rebecca Walter *****

"Boys Will Be Boys: Breaking the Link
Between Masculinity and Violence"
Myriam Miedzian

"The Desirable Body: Cultural
Fetishism and the Erotics of
Consumption"
Jon Stratton *****

"Hope For The Flowers" Trina Paulus

And some words to know...

Aggressive: demanding your wishes w/o
regard for the rights of others

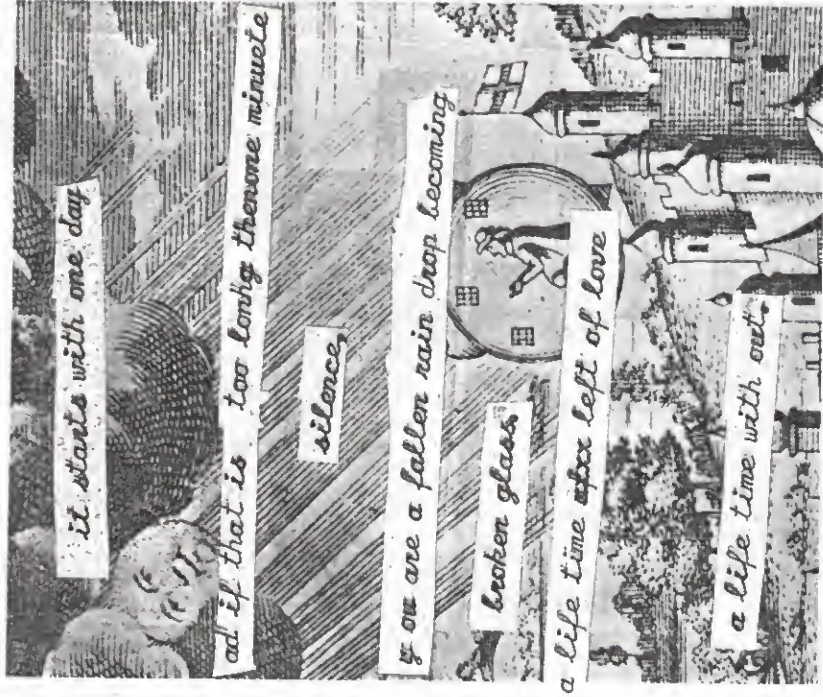
Assertive: asking for your wishes w/o
violating the rights of others

Dissociation: going limp physically and
separating one's feelings from one's body

Coercion: to intimidate someone into
doing something they don't want to do, or
to take advantage of a person's weaknesses

COERCION = RAPE

COERCION = RAPE



Another good book and quotes from it.

Who Stole Feminism? How Women Have Betrayed Women by Christina Hoff Sommers Simon & Scuster 1994

"The presumption that men are collectively engaged in keeping women down invites feminist bonding in resentful communities".

"When a woman's feminist conscious is raised", she learns to identify her personal self with her gender. She sees her relations to men in political terms."

"Most American feminists, unwilling to be identified as part of a cause they find alien, have renounced the label and have left the field to the resisters."

"Feminist consciousness is consciousness of victimization...to come to see oneself as a victim"

i never really gave much thought to all the people and places that love me . there are so many people and times and places and feelings i am going to miss i recently re-fell in love a friend of mine named angela, but the thing is that i really fell in love with her.

hope, that light at the end of the tunnel.

and chicago has always been that

please remember hope among moments of despair

the best things some one unfolds me was

of hope for better things to come, one of

i signed my lease today and paid my rent moving to chicago has always been a sense

as my train picks me away through two state lines , one time change and both sides of my heart i am sleepy and on the verge of tears

I poem my little sister Emily wrote...
(write to her through me) (and you should)

you talk without words
you see without eyes
you understand without knowing
you speak without lies
why do you do the things you do
to me

what the hell is wrong with you
you are too damn perfect
you find a way to nourish on my
esteem and suck the life out of
my brains
like I am nothing

you are too damn smart
with your answers to everything
and your mind always made up
when I come home you are fast
asleep

because you don't know me in the
daytime
the naked woman running dancing
singing in the street

you stop and stare what a freak
you say that bitch is psycho
but then she turns around and
you notice that it's me

Goodbye Mr Man

emily.

I can barely stand to be away from her for
more than an hour. our relationship on ship encompassed
all that is beautiful it made me (makes me) realize
that there is more to life than counting stars
and wishing for better things and crying myself
into nothingness and self pity., making new scars
on my arms in some aspects it has exact opposite
effects because it brings me to my knees in weeping
frustration when I think of having to mature and
leave her behind, I have been geared with a second
chance and now it is about to be mined again.
I don't want to be like every one else in her life
and leave her, she is my biggest priority yet
in 12 days my dad will be picking me up and dropping
me and all of my belongings off in Chicago.

"oh my soul is drowning in indiction"

the hated.

A band called Mil Mascaras played at my house last night and they said something to that I think is important for everyone to know... It was that if you call yourself punk or hardcore or whatever it doesn't excuse you from all bad things and make you totally pure.. There are rapists and racists and sexists and all other "ists" in our scene (if it is truly ours and not California's). Punks and hardcore kids have as much shit to work on as the rest of the world. Scensters can (AND DO) rape. Scensters make sexist jokes. And even the kids like us that the scensters make fun of have the potential to be rapists and maybe when you made that joke at the show last week about your bitch, the girl in the corner has to go home to a man who abuses her and calls her a bitch. ABUSES her and calls her a bitch. THINK ABOUT IT. Vegans aren't excused, straightedge kids definately aren't excused, and people who write for Heartattack aren't excused. Every one has potential. Isn't that nice?

dont forget me.
 If I dont write
 I have only disappeared.
~~into myself~~
 into myself
 unintentional
 Super imposed
 forced into
 all by myself.
 fighting frustration.
 fighting my inside self
 Happiness claws a hole
 into the ground I sink

and I think another very important thing to realize is that the hardcore or punk or whatever scene, really draws women into thinking they are safe

within its confines and people. Like oh wow all these boys are super political and hardline or whatever, and they are so PC sometimes people let their guard down and get sucked into a bad situation because the anarchist

revolutionary boy they were with seemed totally awesome and not sexist.

And maybe it is a front. And maybe women shouldn't feel that they are escaping the sexism and dangers of society, when they are in a punk or hardcore situation. Everything is the same, record labels, magazines, and rapists. Even kids labelled as

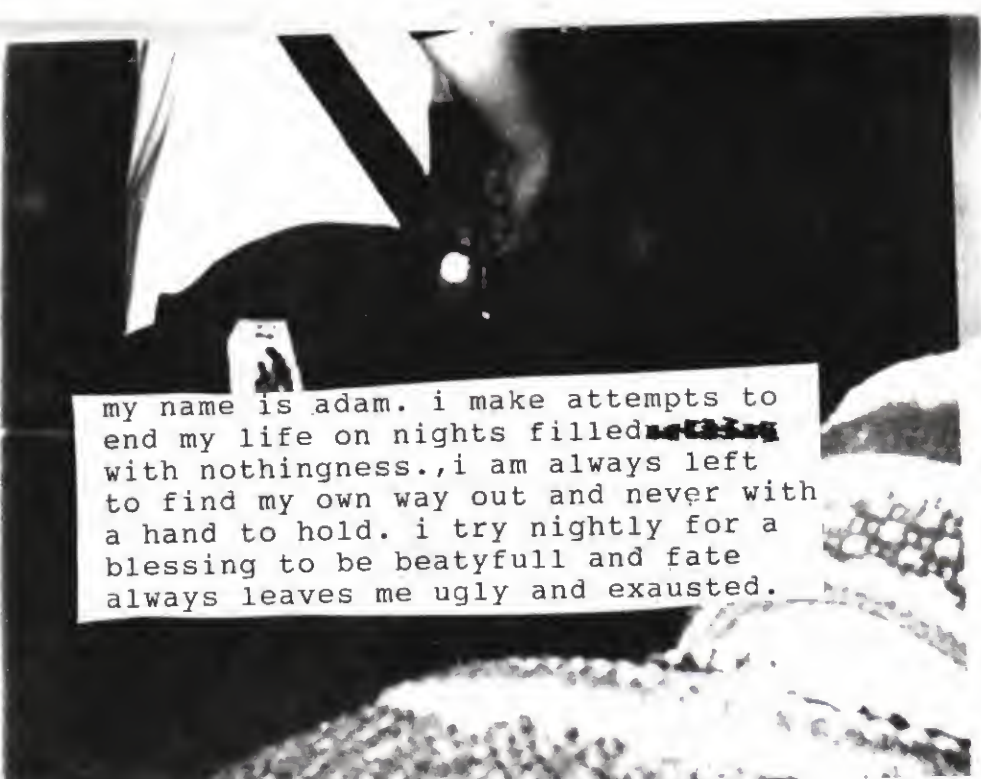
hardcore have potential. I was raped by one hardcore boy and assaulted by

another. I DO NOT FEEL SAFE. I

told my mom I am tough and she said, well what if there is two or three of them?

And I said I don't know. And maybe we were talking about me walking around alone, but I thinkwomen and men in

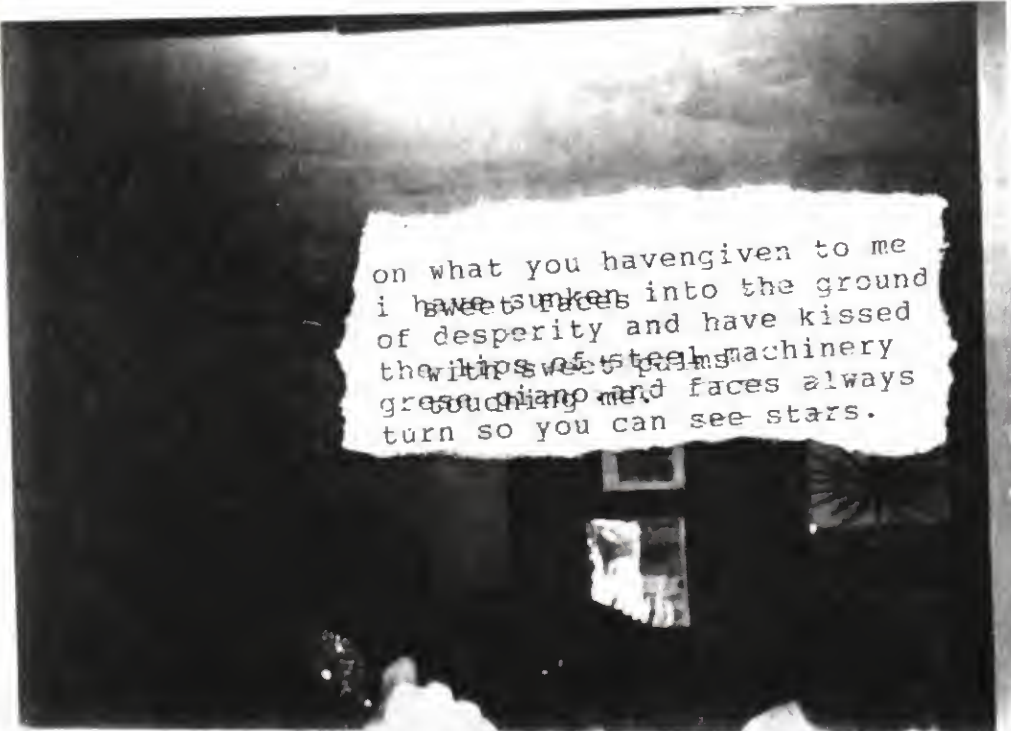
hardcore shouldn't trust everyone and women and men shouldn't think of



my name is adam. i make attempts to end my life on nights filled ~~with~~ with nothingness., i am always left to find my own way out and never with a hand to hold. i try nightly for a blessing to be beatyfull and fate always leaves me ugly and exausted.

themselves as incapable of something
merely because they are punk rock.

And I haven't told my mom that I was
raped 1½ years ago and I wonder
what she would say then....



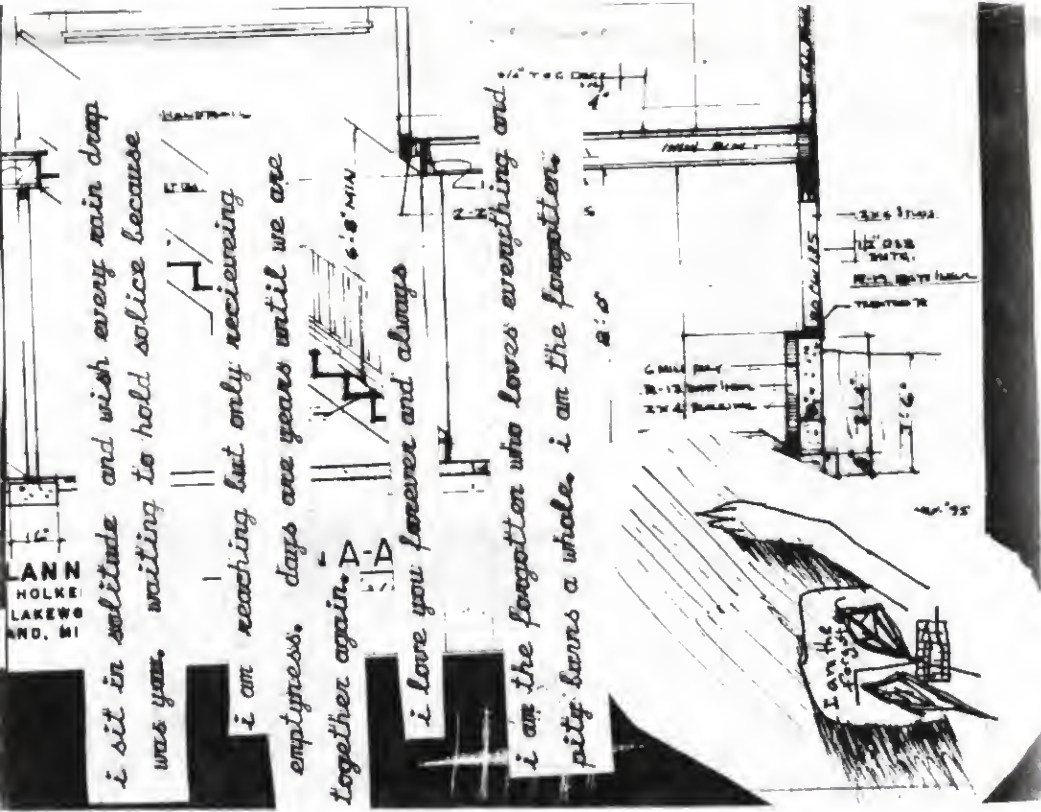
on what you havengiven to me
i have sunken into the ground
of desperity and have kissed
the tips of steel machinery
grouching me and faces always
turn so you can see stars.

So after a lot of deliberation and thought on the subject, I think that women's or Girl's fests or men ~~ag~~ against sexism groups are pretty sexist in themselves. Time and time again I have attended or heard of events in which a lot of talking goes on amongst members of the same sex about members of the opposite sex.

Would it not be more constructive to make these events into a sort of two or maybe even three part thing?

Like the first day or hour or whatever, have two discussions, one about women's issues and the other about men's, then combine the two. So when the group is split in two, encourage men to attend the men's and women to attend the women's, then everyone can get together and talk constructively to one another.

I mean, yeah, girl's groups and fests and men against sexism groups are super important, but usually one or two or a few dedicated people go, and nothing outside of their groups really change, do they? I am really stuck on the idea that we can only talk amongst ourselves for a certain period of time before our time becomes wasted...



I think we need to invite men and women to our women's and ~~men's~~ groups, especially the rapists and sexists and etcetera.... And maybe the person that this rapist raped won't be in the room, but twenty of his or her allies will be and they will be confronting this rapist instead of just talking about confronting him/her.

AM I MAKING SENSE???

And I know people out there will disagree ~~with~~ with me and that is good and they should write me letters and tell me if I am wrong (because no one has proved me ~~was~~ wrong yet)) And I hope that maybe somewhere there is a totally constructive all-~~girl~~ girl or all-boy group, and I want to know that there is...

AND WE NEED TO CONFRONT PEOPLE
AND BANDS AT SHOWS THAT DO FUCKED UP
THINGS...

So this ~~s~~ band is supposed to play at my house this friday who allegedly has porn all over their bass drum and they are called Senor Cummpants.

i am sorry that it all turns out like shit.
i am sorry that all ~~my~~ my efforts are for
nothing. i am sorry that i fucking ignore every-
ing that is important. when brass fingers play
your glass piano tonight is the night when it a
bleis rampart. how do ~~you~~ expect to kill ~~your~~
self when ~~you~~ ⁱ can't even confront ~~your~~ ^{my} fears.
i am shit, my efforts are for nothing. i hear
youre laugh from one storey down and it fuckin
kills me. i dont know how to feel or act when
everything falls apart under my fucking feet
when my invides boil with guilt, fear, and the
pain of wanting to die (i hate my self) i hate
myself for not killing myself the first time or
the ~~first~~ ^{first} time. i hate myself for ever thinking
i was worth something. i hate living with the ~~fr~~
that i am shit. i am nothing new. kill me, put
a ~~stop~~

How a horse is killed....

LADY

DEDICATED TO (the memory of)

AND

POPEYE

(because I love them)

So you lead the horse out to a grassy (or not grassy) area and give him a shot of euthanasia. It works super fast and in a minute the horse falls down and is dead before they hit the ground. So then a piece of construction equipment comes and picks their bodies up and drops them into the bed of a truck. It is loud when they fall in. You can hear it for a long ways. Then the truck goes to the glue factory.

A respectable death for horses who spent their whole lives working for people.



Have a nice day.



by Callie Kluttenburg:
my 8yr old sister. its
me coming home from traveling.



It is high time I get this zine done and out to you people so this is the last of it. It is September 9, 1997. It is raining (well pouring) and I was just dancing and singing for my friend Ryan downstairs. I like to make people

laugh. I live in a humongous house now, seven bedrooms. We have shows in our basement. (our number is (616) 349-6499 if you want to play). There are ~~are~~ six people here besides me and four pets. Three of the pets are mine. I love them. (Hmmm... this is the my-zine-is-done-dumb-pointless-page). I have a hat on that says "Los Angeles Cruft. Well, it is really Andrews and it says "Los

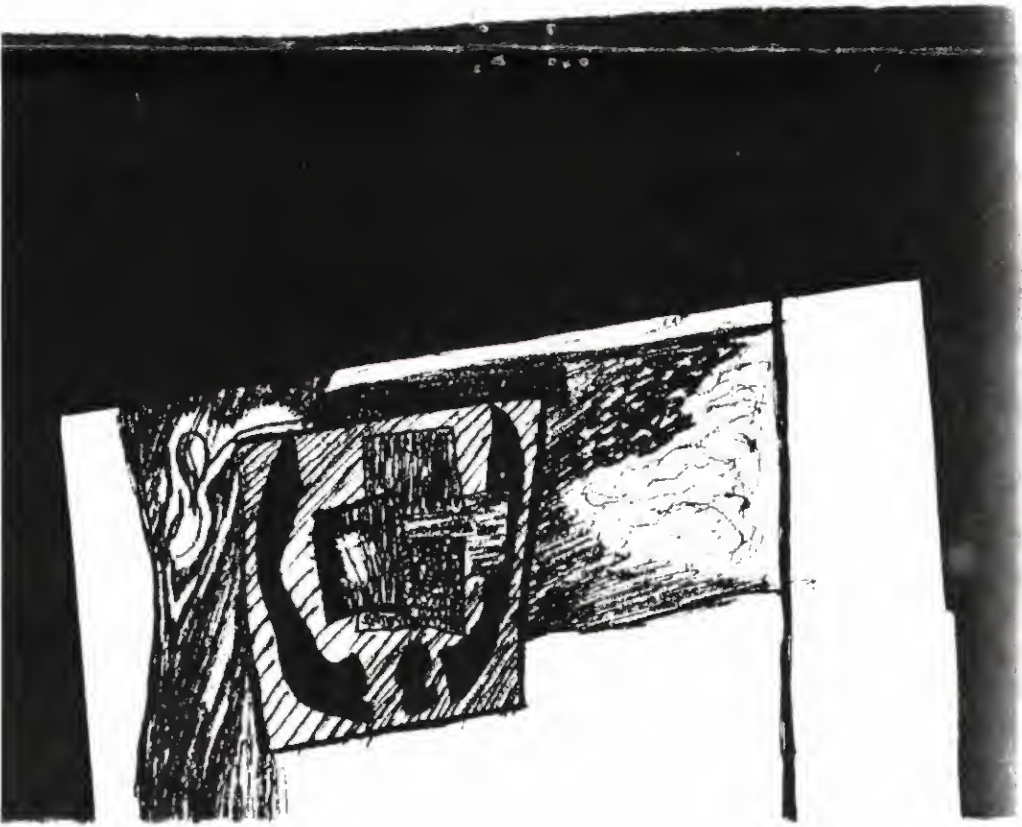
Angles Raiders", but yeah. My hair is long on top and shaved underneath like a trashy metal kid... I have a kitten named Spots, a dog named Mutton, and a cat named Dino. Spots just walked across my typewriter. So now you are bored and all that I really have left to say I guess is listen to lots of anti difranco and think about my sister and what i can do to that stupid boy. Hmm.. More to say. Lately I have really been thinking about my future and a job and stuff (uh, oh, not punk rock...). I am

going back to school in January to study occupational therapy, and minor in philosophy, ~~and~~ and maybe something to do with english and writing and stuff. Atleast that is what I want to do now. I will probably change my mind. I am going to breed a horse in the spring, so come a year and a half I will have a baby horse to take care of and train, it will be fun fun fun. I spend all my money on my pets and I think that is all I have to say for now..

I haven't written a thank you list for a long long time and i have half a page left so what the hell... Micah, Ryan, Andrew, Lisa, Andy, Adam Mullett, Brandy, Kelly and Mil Mascaras,

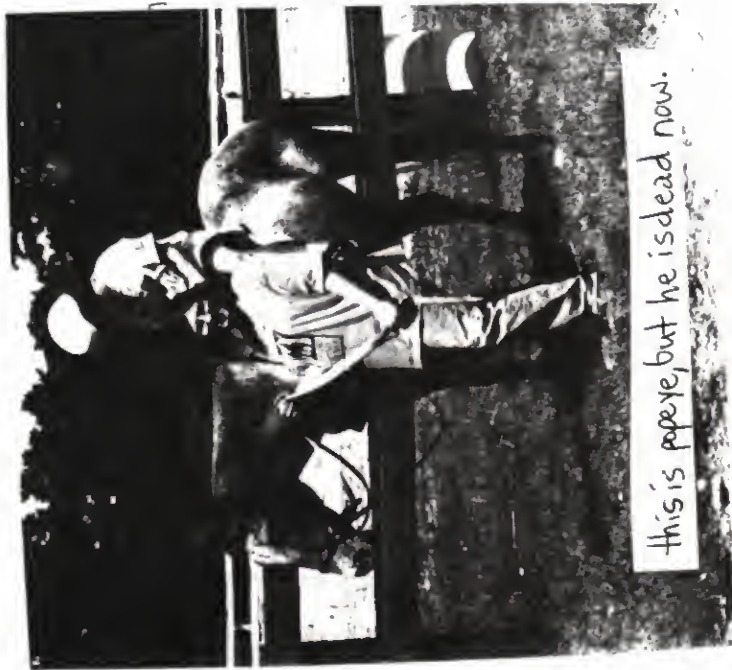
Emily, Melissa, Mom, all my pets for playing with me when no one else will, crusties everywhere, brothers keeper (er, just kidding), boy sets fire cuz they're nice and cute, hmm.... kurt, ben, ariana, annie and annie-core, boys that make me mad, girls that make me mad (what would i have to write about), and i am sick of thinking so that is all. please write to me, ~~and~~

~~me, and~~



Oh yeah and

thank you to ~~jack~~ aaron o for being a ceo
of longbow records. lot's of lovins.



this is papeye, but he is dead now.

Handwritten signatures and text, including "The Family" and "LH 1/20/84".

silence kills
the revolution



I long for the comfort of the forest in my presence.